

CARNAGE FRIGHTFUL AMONG GERMAN TROOPS; CROSS YSER CANAL AT A TERRIBLE COST

No Head Paid to Loss of Life in Winning Positions.

FORD STREAM; HURLED BACK

Water of River Red with Blood; Dispute a Channel House; German Commander, Injured at Delay, Sacrifices Thousands of Soldiers.

By Associated Press.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—A correspondent in northern France telegraphing under date of Sunday night regarding fighting on the river Yser says:

"There were 2,500 German bodies in the Yser canal this morning after the fighting in the night. Many of them were drowned and others were bayoneted. The water itself was bloody, while the mud on the banks was strewn thick with dead. These ghastly facts alone give some idea of the savagery of the fighting, the desperation of the German attack and the enormity of the allied resistance.

"The fight was a hell from dark to dawn. At almost every point of the line, man was opposed by man, sometimes at a few hundred yards distance, but more often at close grips. Face to face men often wrestled and died by drowning each other in the canal waters. The German had orders to cut through that night, cost what it might.

"An officer of theirs who was captured said that the delay of more than a week in crossing this waterway had increased the automatic military mind in Germany. 'It must be crossed to-night if it costs thousands of men.' That, in effect, was the order given, and the German soldiers, all credit to them, did their best.

"Probably 3,000 of them gave their lives last night. They could not swim, yet they failed, but not because the Germans did not literally 'chop' all the water in the canal. They were killed, but once through they could not make good. They were mowed down with rifle shots, then hit by machine gun fire, and then by hand grenades.

"The fighting continued particularly spirited between the mouth of the Yser and the region of Lens. In this part of the front the allies have not drawn back, but have continued to advance in the region between Ypres and Roulers. In the region between Roulers and Bailleul, the allies have not drawn back, but have continued to advance in the region between Ypres and Roulers. In the region between Roulers and Bailleul, the allies have not drawn back, but have continued to advance in the region between Ypres and Roulers.

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300 CAUGHT IN A MINE EXPLOSION; 100 MAY BE DEAD

Thirty Bodies Brought to Surface of Illinois Workings.

OTHER VICTIMS BEYOND REACH

Rescuers Attempt to Smother Flames, But Are Driven Back by Poisonous Gases; Fewer Than Trapped by Flames Are Now Beyond Rescue.

By Associated Press.

ROYALTON, Ill., Oct. 27.—One hundred or more miners were killed, it is believed, in the Mitchell coal mine near here today when a terrible explosion occurred in the lower level of the mine soon after 300 men had begun work. Of those who entered the mine, about 100 escaped, but 30 bodies were soon brought to the surface and more than 100 other men were known to be imprisoned in a lower level, cut off from rescue by fire.

"It was thought that all those shut off by the wall of flame in the interior were soon burned to death. Royalty is a mining village 80 miles southwest of St. Louis on the St. Louis, Iron Mountain & Southern railroad.

"At noon rescuers said they could see at least 25 bodies on the upper level. They sought to check the flames in the lower level by dropping blankets soaked with water. This temporarily checked the flames but the poisonous gases drove the fire-fighters back.

"The mine is a mile from here and the explosion was heard here distinctly. Everyone in town except the telephone operator hurried to the mine and aid was summoned from Duquoin and Murphysboro. A rescue car also was sent from Benton.

"The work of rescue began quickly and within less than two hours several bodies had been taken from the workings.

ITALY IS SHAKEN

Severe Earthquakes Have Continued

By Associated Press.

ROME, Italy, via Rome, Oct. 27.—A severe earthquake was felt in this city today. The inhabitants were thrown into a condition of panic but the shock did little damage.

"There have been earthquake disturbances in the northern part of Italy for 24 hours. A very severe shock was recorded at Turin yesterday and a slight quake occurred at the same place between 5 and 6 o'clock in the afternoon. At a point 11 miles west of Turin shocks continued during the whole day. The people have been badly frightened, but up to the present time no great damage or loss of life has been reported.

MILAN, via Rome, Oct. 27.—An earthquake was recorded in Milan this morning. Considerable alarm was caused among the people but there were no casualties.

EAGAN UNDER ARREST

Former Patrolman to Be Brought Back Here From Warren, Ohio

A telegram was received last night by Chief of Police W. H. Warren from the police at Warren, Ohio, that D. W. Eagan, former patrolman and special officer in Connellsville, was in custody there. The word was communicated to Connellsville John Duggan, who went on Eagan's bond in one of his suits and arrangements were made to send Special Officer Frank McLaughlin after the prisoner.

Eagan is much wanted in this section. After getting into a mix-up in connection with the raid on an alleged disorderly house in Duquoin while on duty as a patrolman there, he left for Bradford, Pa. His wife returned to the city and has been seeking her husband ever since. About a week ago a letter was received in Duquoin stating that Eagan had been shot by a policeman and was in a hospital in Bradford.

Several days ago, another letter was received from Frank H. Flowers, chief of police at Warren, asking if Eagan was wanted here. He was told to arrest the man, and the word of last night told that he had done so.

U. S. SHIP BOARDED

Canadians Make Prisoners of Three German Sailors.

By Associated Press.

ST. JOHN, N. B., Oct. 27.—The American tug Security, owned by the Standard Oil Company, was boarded yesterday afternoon by a small party of four men from the 62nd regiment of the British army and three German sailors.

FOREIGNER IS STABBED IN FIGHT AT TROTTER

Row, Said to Have Been Started in Town, Ends in a Cutting Affray.

A fight said to have been started in Connellsville by a number of foreigners ended in the stabbing of Jess Trotter on Second street, Trotter, shortly before midnight. Trotter is now in the Cottage State Hospital with nine knife wounds in his back which, however, are not likely to prove fatal.

Called out of bed by news of the stabbing, Constable William Johnson arrested a foreigner who was pointed out to him as the man who did the stabbing. He also brought three other men as witnesses, looking the latter in the eye half an hour, but placing the man accused of the crime in the West Side lockup to prevent any communication between them.

Constable Johnson also summoned Dr. B. E. Harris of the West Side to dress the injuries, but placing the man accused of the crime in the West Side lockup to prevent any communication between them.

Information will be made against injured man's slugging before Alderman George O'Donovan and a hearing will be held tonight.

GASOLINE EXPLODES; STATE FOOTBALL CAPTAIN BURNED

E. W. Tobin, and Sophomore Class President May Lose Sight as Result of Terrible Burns.

By Associated Press.

STATE COLLEGE, Pa., Oct. 27.—Captain E. W. Tobin of State College, Pa., and E. H. Sophomore Class President May, lost sight as a result of terrible burns.

"The explosion of five barrels of gasoline that was poured over a gasoline pile of kerosene to celebrate the return of the team from Harvard, which played the Harvard eleven to a tie last Saturday.

Both men, it is feared, will lose their eyesight. They are in the Pennsylvania Hospital. So great was the force of the explosion that residences in all parts of the village were rocked, windows of college buildings and fraternity buildings were shattered and plaster fell from the walls of houses, including that of Dr. B. E. Sparks, president of the college.

Hundreds of spectators who cheered the boys as they were taken down, many suffered injury from the flying debris and in the stampede that followed.

Following a cold day that developed into snow in the morning districts, the temperature dropped to 30 degrees during the night, the lowest since this season, and the first real bit of wintry weather was experienced today. Ice froze on the ground by the river, though the sun drove merrily to drive away the clouds this morning. It did not succeed very well, and snow flurries were a common occurrence. The snow melted as soon as it touched the ground, however, one particularly heavy shower being as large as half dollars, but this lasted only a short time.

In contrast to the wintry weather of today, last year's weather records show that the minimum temperature was 42, while the maximum was 61. Weather predictions call for continued freezing temperatures, with fair skies overhead for the next few days.

NIGHT SCHOOL ENROLLS 172. Attendance at Third Session Shows Another Surprise Last Night.

The school authorities were given another surprise last night when the night school students enrolled, making the total number 172, a figure that it was never dreamed would be attained, when the first session was held on Monday in November.

At the last session of the school, the number jumped from 73 to 120, and last night the instructors were amazed to find 62 new faces meeting them.

The school is in charge of W. H. Sewerth, head of the Fourth Ward school, and is conducted by W. H. Black, principal of the Fourth Ward school.

Dr. Thomas March, state high school inspector, attended the sessions last night. He was well pleased with the progress that has been made so far.

COLONEL IN COUNTY

Moorehead Will Make Speech from Train This Afternoon

Colonel Theodore Moorehead, ex-president of the United States, arrived in Connellsville this morning at 11 o'clock over the Pennsylvania railroad, after a trip through the Monaca valley. He was met at the station by a large crowd. The party was conveyed in automobiles to the Railroad Hotel and the station to board a special train for Morgantown, where the Colonel made a speech.

Returning to Uniontown at 3:50 o'clock, Colonel Moorehead was welcomed by another crowd. He was scheduled to make a speech at 4 o'clock.

The special train carrying the Moorehead party leaves Uniontown at 3 o'clock over the Pennsylvania railroad, arriving in Connellsville at 3:35 and leaving at 4:45, thus giving the Colonel ten minutes to greet local people and make a brief speech.

His Chickens.

Sarah Johnson, 7 years old, daughter of Mrs. Florence Johnson of West Main street, is ill at her home with chickenpox.

CITY SOLICITOR TOO BUSY NOW TO FIGHT FOR TOWN

Duggan Says Higbee Hasn't Time to Go After Water Matters.

DEVOTES HIS TIME TO POLITICS

After Election Connellsville Hopes Attorney Will Be Able to Get Relief for the Public From Oppressions of the Corporation; Council Meets.

Council's latest move toward an accounting with the Connellsville Water Company is to be the appointment of an inspector to examine meters, to see that consumers are not being charged for more water than they consume.

Mr. Duggan furnished the powder for this latest shot at the water company at council meeting last night, but Councilman Higbee, who is relied on to set off the last cannon, is off somewhere shooting spallballs at Senator Crow and the Republican party.

Mr. Duggan indicated that as soon as Solicitor Higbee gets back to earth and attend to his duties as attorney for the city, something may be accomplished in the people's fight against exorbitant water rates.

"It is a sad way that the company is robbing the people," Mr. Duggan declared. "Everybody is complaining."

An instance of a photographer whose water bill for two months was \$10 was cited as an example. Solicitor Higbee also declared that the water bills never were so high as they are at present for the city's supply.

A protest to the Public Service Commission against the high water rates has been put in the solicitor's hands, but it is a demand that the company produce its books for an audit to determine the value of its plant, but Mr. Higbee is too busy with the Democratic campaign to bother with such a little thing as the city's water bill.

Mr. Albert Collins has a second time appeared before council to urge that something be done to improve the sanitary condition of the run between Gibson and Francis avenues, where water collects and becomes stagnant. Mr. Duggan is in Mr. Collins' line, and has to sleep outside, but the stench from this pool drives the family indoors. He claimed that Mr. Hooper never had time to investigate the matter. It was arranged to have council meet in a body at 1:30 o'clock today and go to the spot complained of to see what can be done.

Mayor Marietta gave permission to Connellsville Water, representing the Hallowell Committee, to have wires strung along Main street to keep the crowd back during the parade Friday night.

Councilman Gans reported that no bids for the construction of sewer connection to three of Mayor Marietta's properties had been received. The mayor explained that he had had two of the houses connected with the sewer, but that he did not think it could be accomplished with the tiled because of its location.

Owing to the long time necessary to transcribe the assessment records, the date of hearing was changed from the second Monday in November to the first Monday in December.

The city engineer was directed to remove an unused pole from Lincoln alley and Fairview avenue and charge the cost to the Tel-State Telephone company.

Ordinances were awarded as follows: \$10.00; new sweepers \$12; additional scales for scales of weights, Haws Scale Company, \$21.75.

Ordinances providing for the paving of Cottage avenue, from East Main to East Murphy avenue; and for East Murphy avenue, between Cottage and East Main, were passed on final reading.

Adjustment was taken until the regular meeting on November 9.

ROBBERY AND HOLDUP ARE ATTEMPTED ON WEST SIDE

Don Birt Fall Burglars; Passerby Frightens Holding Man; Victim Is Chubbied.

The store of H. L. Krepps at 411 West Main street was saved from being robbed last night by iron bars which are placed across an inside door after the proprietor had been robbed on a previous occasion. The intruders cut their way through the outer door and when confronted by still another securely locked door leading to the rear of the store, they cut through that also, only to find two inside reinforced by stout iron bars. After that they apparently gave it up as a bad job, for nothing was found missing from the interior of the store.

While returning home about 1 o'clock last night, Joseph Fritz of the West Side was held up by three men at a dark spot near the Pittsburgh & Lake Erie station. They demanded his money and when he refused, one of them struck him over the head with some heavy iron instrument. While they were going through his clothes, a passerby happened along and the men were frightened away.

Fritz was revived soon afterward. He does not remember what his assailants looked like, except that they wore caps and had handkerchiefs over their faces.

PREPARE FOR INSPECTION

Physicians Discuss Standardization of Methods in School Work.

A committee of physicians and dentists met with Superintendent S. T. Ashe of the public schools last evening to discuss matters pertaining to the annual medical inspection. The inspection of pupils for physical defects has not been noted in the past week or two.

The physicians determined to devote more time to the scrutiny of defective pupils. To this end it is proposed to have the teachers report deficiencies that have been noted during work in the classroom. These reports will be handed to the physician by the pupils.

Efforts are to be made this year to make more than a superficial examination of pupils who may have physical defects. Normal pupils will be passed without undergoing any rigid tests.

The action of the physicians followed the general discussion of medical inspection at a dinner given them by the school board a few weeks ago.

REGISTRY CASE ARGUED

Attorney Hudson Tells Court Why Higbee's Petition Is Invalid

Argument was heard before Judge V. A. Starnes and Chief of the Uniontown today on the petition to strike 51 names from the registry books in the First and Sixth Wards of Connellsville. E. C. Higbee represented the petitioners and T. H. Hudson the commissioners.

At a hearing conducted before the commissioners in the city hall last Thursday it was decided that the petition was improperly prepared, in that it was not presented within 10 days after the registration was completed, and the commissioners held that it was a nullity.

These points were upheld by Attorney Hudson and attacked by Attorney Higbee. The latter denied the interpretation of the law as presented by Mr. Hudson, though he admitted that if that were the case his petition was without weight.

The matter will be held in abeyance by the court for a few days, after which a decision will be handed down.

STOCKHOLDERS MEET

Name Directors for the Fayette Building & Loan Association.

The stockholders of the Fayette Building & Loan Association held their third annual meeting last evening when directors were elected for the year. Reports were made by George W. Stauffer, showed that the association had enjoyed a very prosperous year. A dividend of 6 1/2% was earned. During the year just closed loans amounting to \$12,200 were made.

The following directors were elected: E. P. Evans, Robert Morris, E. Porter, L. W. Guilford, C. M. Hyatt, H. Myers, A. C. Siskel, J. L. Evans and J. R. Davidson.

The directors organized by electing P. E. Evans, president; C. M. Hyatt, vice president; George W. Stauffer, secretary, and J. W. McClaren, treasurer.

REPUBLICANS TO HOLD A RALLY AT EVERSON TONIGHT

Voters of the Tyrones and Bullskin to Hear the Issues.

ROUSING BELLEVILLE MEETING

In Spite of Rain, Snow and Bull Moose Interruptions, Speakers Have a Successful Gathering; Enthusiasm for the Ticket Apparent Everywhere.

The Republicans will hold a big rally tonight at Everson which will attract the voters from that borough and from the townships of Upper and Lower Tyrona and Bullskin. It promises to be one of the largest meetings of the campaign. Attorney R. P. Hoopwood, Judge E. L. Reppert, Attorney H. George May, Clerk of Courts Richard Davis and Attorney A. E. Jones will be the speakers.

Everson is the home town of "Dick" Davis, who hasn't won one whit of the popularity he has enjoyed there for a generation. It is also the home of John R. Byrne, a stalwart Republican, for years known as the "little giant" of Fayette county politics. On the other hand, it is likewise the home town of a Bull Moose, the most efficient of the Democratic legislators sent to Harrisburg two years ago, but who wasn't good enough for the Sterling machine.

Keegan's friends in Everson are legion. They haven't forgotten the knifing their idol received at the polls in the primaries last May, when the Sterling organization ruthlessly struck Keegan down. "Jim" Keegan was too independent for Boss Sterling. He didn't obey orders with sufficient alacrity, hence his defeat for re-nomination.

Keegan hasn't made any public announcement as to his attitude toward the Sterling ticket—yet. His friends are making no secret of the fact, however, that they are out for revenge.

It will be a big meeting. It will also be a sort of a homecoming for "Dick" Davis, whose friends will be there to hear him on the hustings. Both Hoopwood and Reppert are particularly popular in the northern end of the county, and as this is the first appearance of the Republican campaigners in that section, a rousing reception is assured.

In spite of the rain and snow, the Republicans held an enthusiastic meeting at Belleville last evening. It wasn't a pleasant night to be out, yet more than 200 people were on hand for fully two hours while Attorney Hoopwood, candidate for Congress, Judge Reppert, H. K. MacQuarrie and M. M. Garland of Pittsburgh delivered their addresses.

A crowd of disturbers led by Dr. H. B. Collier, a Bull Moose leader of Smithfield, attempted to interrupt the meeting, but they were quickly stifled when the crowd indicated its disapproval of such tactics.

In addition to the Everson meeting tonight there will be speaking by Republican campaigner at Lewisburg, Continental No. 1 and Olinant Furnace. A big meeting was held at Donee last night, which was largely attended.

NOMINATIONS INVALID Fusion in Many Counties Endangered by Decision.

HARRISBURG, Oct. 27.—Nomination of T. Henry Walnut and C. W. T. Robinson as Democratic candidates for the Legislature in the Seventeenth Philadelphia district, and the Democratic state executive committee were declared invalid by an opinion filed in the Dauphin county court by Judge H. J. McCarroll.

The decision endangers all of the county, board and legislative nominations made by the Democratic state executive committee to all vacancies occurring under fusion arrangements in the last few weeks, although because of the proximity of the election it is unlikely that any contest will be inaugurated.

Child Hurt by Fall.

Mary E. Ellis, the 5-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Ellis of Elm street, fell from a grape arbor at the Ellis home yesterday suffering a fractured femur. She was removed to the Cottage State Hospital for treatment.

Miner Struck by Car.

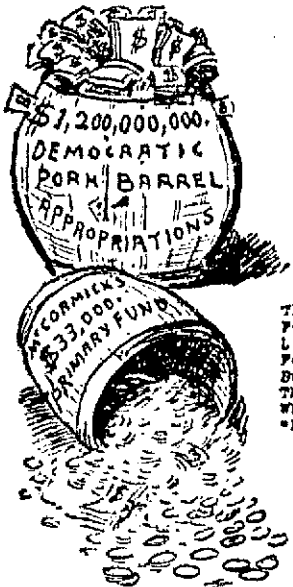
Fred Brack of Leisenring, a miner, is at the South Side Private Hospital for treatment of concussion of the brain, suffered last night when he was struck by a West Penn street car. His condition is not serious.

**FOUR PER CENT. PAID ON
SAVINGS ACCOUNTS.**

WEAR Horner's
Clothing

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT

DEMOCRACY



These are the barrels of great renown,
With gold and silver burdened down,
Isn't the big barrel fat and sleek,
It's very stiven they groan and squeak,
With a big round billion, and then some more,
Do you blame Uncle Sam for being sore;
"Shades of McKinley", I heard him say,
"I'll be glad when Protection returns to stay."

This is William Penn, the "great",
Who points with pride to this great state,
And well may he exploit his pride,
And revel o'er it's acres wide,
The G.O.P. has kept it's past,
In word, and deed, and thought, and act,
Old "Father Penn" is pretty wise,
"Let well enough alone" he cries,
"The voters have no cause to fret,
The Keystone state is out of debt."



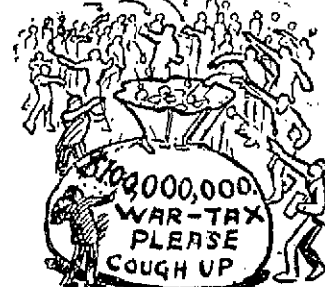
This is "Teddy" whose facile pen,
Can spit either oil or vitriol when
He so elects; it's a tidy plan,
It his sweat will he can praise or pan;
Way back in nineteen hundred and four,
Penrose and Penn brought him ashore,
He wrote to Boies, "I owe it to you,"
"You and your state have pulled me through"
Then he used oil, now vitriol flows,
And he carries a knife for friend Penrose.



This is the barrel that did the trick,
For Vance McCormick so cute and slick,
Like the pharisee he made his plea,
For untainted primaries you see;
But his tainted dollars oozed their way,
Through the Keystone state by night and day,
When the votes are counted, the shower will be,
"He lies at rest in obscurity."



This is the donkey. Hear his bray!
His only use is eating hay;
He bears no burden, draws no load,
And no mark shows of driver's goad;
The people are tired of buying his hay,
And being annoyed with his brassy bray,
He fools them not, with his shallow tricks,
They're wise to the range of his natty kicks.



This is the war-tax sleek and fat,
One hundred million, think of that,
It takes you and your child and wife,
If they had the nerve, they would tax your life,
If you smoke your pipe you pay your mite,
But the Democrats must fly their kite,
You stand your share with a fair filled purse,
Think over the truths that fill this verse.

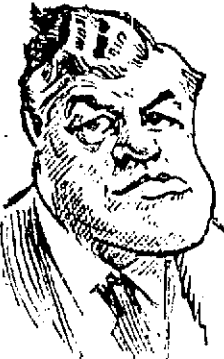
This is the paper of "PATRIOT" name,
Through Allied Labor it gained it's fame,
It's editor "Vance" when he got on top,
Did a regular 22 Kent's flop,
And cast his labor friends aside,
For the time had come when his love had died,
Since Allied Labor was now a bore,
He kicked it coldly from his door.



This is Finchot, a keystone guest,
To seem at home he does his best,
He only brought a bag you see,
When he comes here to visit "THE",
Like forerunners he loves to roam,
Where he hangs his hat, he calls it home,
So good-bye "dick", be on your way,
And carpet-bag to Mondalay.



This is "Bill Flinn" of Pittsburgh town,
His kite went up, and then came down,
He chuckled loud with glee and joy,
Over his new Progressive toy,
But soon the point it all wore off,
And "Billy's" friends began to scoff,
It riled him so that he laid it by,
With much regret and many a sigh,
"It needs repairing" he sadly said,
"I wish the pecky thing was dead."



This is PALMER of "Free Trade" name,
The metal schedule bears his name;
Three hundred thousand idle men,
Are martyred by A. Mitchell's pen;
With Underwood he framed a bill,
Both proved to be a bitter "pill";
The metal schedule is his own
And men must reap as they have sown;
So PALMER now must garner in,
The wrecks of his official sin.



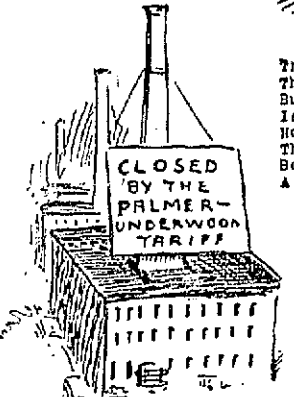
This is the place to tell you how,
"High Cost of Living" rained a row,
Now the U.S. public got so sore,
In far-off China they heard the roar;
Old "Hi" is there with the sort stuff boys,
In the shape of tariff, and other toys;
You can down this triokater for good and all,
By voting the G.O.P. this fall.



These are the fake reformer boys,
Their stock in trade is "mud" and "noise",
They hurl their mud with fiendish glee,
It may soil you; it may soil me;
But "Pigs in Pigs" so Butler wrote,
Mud slinging never won a vote,
They can't insult, they butt annoy;
So let them revel in their joy.



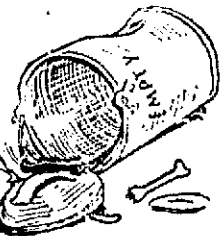
This is the factory all forlorn,
Of workers and idle chimneys shorn,
'Tis like a tombstone, van and gray,
According democratic way,
There are thousands more in this great state,
That "free trade" labeled with this fate,
In the good old days of the G.O.P.,
It was not thus and could not be.



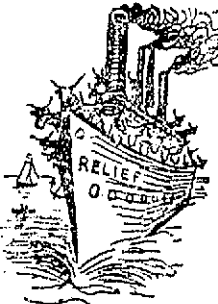
This is the sugar bowl, neat and trim,
That once was full to the very brim;
But sugar that costs eight cents a pound,
Is costly stuff to have around;
No wonder the people look so sour,
They miss their quota of sugar per hour;
Before the tariff came on deck,
A nimble dime would buy a peck.



This is Lewis, the "dandy dean",
The chap with the acrobatic bean,
He figured it out in hisie way,
That with the democrats he'd play,
Though nominated by public vote,
He turned his tail, and turned his coat,
Yet, when he quit, there was no sign,
The wise ones simply winked their eye.



This is the dinner pail of tin,
Now bare of food and frail and thin,
And the idle worker has lots of time,
To savor the past when things were prime,
When he didn't compete with "chinks" and "Japs",
They have no votes these yellow yaps,
Already he's made a mental note,
For the G.O.P. to oset his vote.



This is the good old ship "Relief",
Loaded down with foreign beef,
"Free Trade" they said with a pleasant peep,
Would fix it so we could buy beef cheap;
We used to buy it by the pound,
Two hundred million, rump, and round,
But now in humble home and garret,
The housewives buy it by the K-A-R-A-T.



These are the builders that could not build,
A house that would stand, so they simply killed,
All chance of living in such a home,
By butchering things from base to dome,
It looks like Woodrow will sell his tools,
And return to his trade of directing schools;
While "Grape-Juice" Bill, alive with love,
Will resume his game of "chasing the dove."



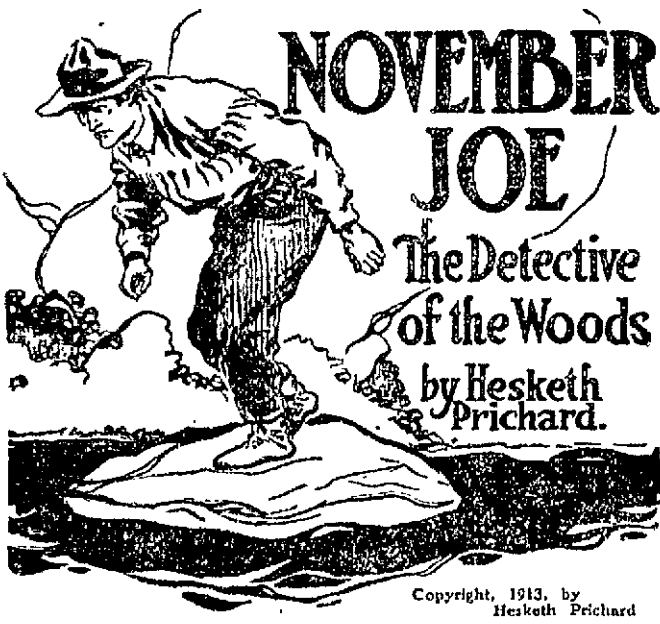
This is the bread line, what a pity!
That it could exist hungry city,
In order to live, man must be fed,
For when we die, we're a long time dead.

Men hang their heads, and try to hide,
Their pauper badge, and to shield their pride,
"Good made man equal", I heard one cry,
"I've a right to live, why should I die."

When Protection comes to rule again,
We will have no line of idle men,
There'll be no paupers' osuetio sneers,
At idle hours, and at wasted years.

But Plenty and Peace will then ensue,
We'll have no idle shiftless poor,
The air will echo till day of doom,
With whiz of wheel, and whirr of loom.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN LET NOT HIM WHO IS HOUSELESS SAID: TEAR DOWN THE HOUSE OF ANOTHER BUT LET HIM LABOR DILIGENTLY, AND BUILD ONE FOR HIMSELF: THUS BY HIS EXAMPLE ASSURING THAT HIS OWN WILL STAND WHEN BUILT.
TO REBUILD YOUR HOUSE, VOTE FOR THE G.O.P WHICH MEANS PATRIOTISM, PROTECTION & PROSPERITY



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"Look at him!" Thompson nudged open the office door and showed us the manager, Close, sitting on a chair by the fire, looking a good deal disheveled.

"Mr. Close?" exclaimed November.

"Yes, the boss—no other?"

"Got evidence?" inquired November, staring at Close.

"Eptop! No one seen him from dark to dawn. And we got the boots. Could 'em in a bit?" he on a shelf in the shanty just behind where he sleeps.

"You fool! I was at my accounts all night!" cried Close to Thompson.

November took no notice.

"Who found the boots?" said he.

"Cooker, when he was cleaning up. Found a bottle of sleeping stuff, too—nearly empty!" shouted two or three together.

November whistled. "Good for Cooker. Has he owned up?" he nudged at Close. "Was they your boots, Mr. Close?"

"Yes," roared Close.

"That he denies the robbery?" said Thompson excitedly.

"Of course I deny it!" cried Close.

"Let's see them boots," put in November.

"The boys took 'em to the bunk house," said Thompson. "Say, Nov, think of him paying us with one hand and robbing us with the other, tho'—"

"Wonderful!" observed November in his dry way. He continued to stare hard at Close, who at last looked up, and I could have sworn I saw November's dark eyelids cowl drop slightly in his direction.

A chance came over the manager. "Get out of here," he cried angrily. "Get out of here, you and your woods detective! And some uncouthly warm language charged out at the back of the closing door.

The men who had been robbed and their comrades closed round as November examined the boots.

"Seventeen in one heel and fifteen in the other—cowhide boots," said Chris. "That's what he robbed us with, and I'll swear to that."

"I could swear to it too," agreed November.

"It's them and the sleeping stuff," pursued Chris. "It's a silver fox skin to a red on a conviction, eh, November?"

"Have you sent for the police?"

"Not yet. We'll wait till you come up. We'll send now."

"The sooner the better," said November. "And whoever goes'll find four claps from Camp H in the butt by Thompson's belt. They've orders to knock it down and take the roof off and carry the stove into D."

I listened to November making this astonishing statement, and I hoped I showed an surprise. What on earth was the game that he was playing?

"Hurry up, boys, and send for the police or there may be trouble. Who's going?"

"I don't mind if I go," offered Chris. "I'll start right now. The sooner we get Mr. Close safe to jail the better."

We all saw Chris off, and then the men took us back into the bunk house, where they talked and argued for an hour. November had relapsed into his usual inactivity. But when at length he spoke again his words acted like a bombshell.

"Say, boys," he said, and the cadence of his accent was very marked. "It's about time we let the boss out."

Every head jerked round in his direction. "Let him out?" shouted a dozen voices. "Before the police come?"

"Best so," replied November in his gentle manner. "You see, it wasn't him who did it, was it?"

"Who was it then?"

November stood up.

"Come, and I'll show you."

"Hurry four of us boarded the big canoe and set off."

I lost all sense of direction in the darkness until we came out on the banks of the brook near Tidewood's bridge. We crossed and all four of us crouched in the shadow of a big rock not twenty yards from the hut. We had been forewarned by November to keep very quiet and to watch the hut.

The pale firelight of dawn was already in the air when I felt November move slightly, and a moment later I heard a creak, then footfalls on the bridge. A quick shadow came cautiously down the bank, hesitating at every step, but always approaching the hut, until at last it passed within it. Then a faint firelight inside, I saw it pass the broken window. There was a pause. The door creaked faintly and the figure stole out again.

I put out my hands toward November and he was gone.

Following the figure to the hut was moving up the path to the road

and a second figure was gaining on it. I recognized November's mighty outline as he followed with arms outstretched. Then the first fell, and there was a cry, almost a shriek.

When we ran up November was holding Chris struggling on the ground.

"Search him, boys," said November. "He's got the stuff on him."

Thompson's big hand dived into the breast of Chris' shirt and when it came out again it held a bundle of notes.

"You smart cuss!" said Chris to November Joe.

A few busy hours followed, and it was the next afternoon before I found myself again at November's shanty and asked for the explanations which had been promised me.

"The moment I heard Thompson's story," began November, "it started me thinking a bit. You remember how plain they saw the tracks of the robber, the size, the patch, the exact number of nails. It sort of seemed that a road agent who went around in a pair of boots like that was maybe a fool or maybe laying a false trail. As soon as I saw the tracks I knew I wasn't far off as to the false trail. The chap wanted the tracks seen. He walked more'n once on the soft ground a purpose."

"Then he wasn't a heavy man, any way," I put in. "You thought—"

"How did I know he was a light man? Well, you saw those stumps I showed you. He put them in a pack or something and carried 'em to make them heavy tracks. I guessed from the set out one of them six had done it."

"But how?"

"See, here's the way of it. I suspected some one in O from Dan McChes' crew. And look at those five bootprints last year. Each one was done within ten miles of C. That showed me that the robber, whoever he was, couldn't operate far from camp. Then the dragging settled it. Don't you remember the kettle had nothing in it?"

I would have spoken, but November held up his hand.

"No, I know Thompson hadn't filled it, but he hadn't cleaned it either. We woods chaps always leave the tea

leaves in the kettle till we want to boil up the next brew. So it looked queer that some one had washed out that kettle. Now, if the robber came from outside he'd never do that, no need to. He'd be gone afore they could suspect the kettle. No, that clean kettle said plain as speaking that it was one of the six."

"Now," went on November, "when I knew that, I knew a good bit, and when I saw the scratches on the rock I was able to settle up the whole on November's—Chris put that stuff in the tea, and as soon as it went off to sleep he moved the money off them. Then he went down to the brook, taking the bottle, the big boots and something to hold a pack of stones with him. He would out to that flat rock and washed out the kettle; then he filled up his pack with stones and put on the boss' big boots. After that he had no more to do but to walk up to the hut and back again laying the false trail. After that he waded out to the rock again, so as to leave no tracks, and changed

back into his own moccasins, went to the hut and to sleep."

"But the scratches on the rock? What made them?"

"The nails in the boots. Chris drew up his feet to fasten up the boots and the nails slipped a bit on the rock."

"But the time, November. You said the robbery was done between 2 and 3 in the morning. How did you know that?"

"By the birches. It'd turn to the light to put on his boots, and the moon only rose above them trees about 2. Till then that side of the rock was in black shadow."

"And the stones in the pack?"

"The best tracks was good and marked. You yourself noticed how the clasp walked on his heels?"

"Yes."

"That told me. A man with a weight upon his back always does it. And when I saw the stones that had been raked up out of the river bed why, there it was like print and plainer—that the robber was a light man. That got me as far as to know it was one of two men did it. Chris and Bill Mayers isn't suitable either of them, they're smallish made. It was one of the six, then, whichever it was after he got the money what did he do with it?"

"Took it with him or hid it," said I, as November seemed to expect a reply.

"When I comes to think it over I was pretty sure he hid it, cos if there'd happened to be any acquaintance or quarrel or trouble about it there might 'a' been a search, and if the notes had 'a' been found on one of them they'd have dropped him sure. Next point was where did he hide it? There was the rocks and the river bank and the hut. But it was all notes, therefore the place'd have to be dry, so I pitched on the hut. That was right, Mr. Quarry?"

"I couldn't have guessed better myself," I said, smiling.

November nodded. "So up we goes to C, and there we finds them money-bags accusing the boss. Chris put the boots back in the shack and the bottle on the shelf. An old grudge made him do it. But I couldn't tell which of the two small chaps it was at that time. So I set the trap about the lumbermen breaking up the hut, and Chris walks into it. He knew if the hut was took down the notes 'ud be found. You'd think he was a fool, but under him until he starts to bring the police, and then the latest fellow in C! The minute he offered to go I knew I had him."

"And you still think Chris robbed Dan?"

"I know it. There was \$127 that can't be accounted for in the bundle we took off him, and \$127 is just what Mr. Close paid Dan."

CHAPTER VI.

The Black Fox Skin.

YOU must understand that from this time on my association with November Joe was not continuous, but fitful, and that after the events I have just written down I went back to Quebec, where I became once more immersed in my business. Of Joe I heard from time to time, generally by means of whispered letters obviously written from camp and usually smelling of wood smoke. It was such a letter, which in the following year, caused me once more to seek November. It ran as follows:

Mr. Quarry, sir, last week I was up to Widdens Ford and I saw a wonderful red fox skin. I guess he came out of the thick Maine woods to take the place of that felt 'n' shot there last fall. This great fellow had an accident to his horns or something, for they come out of his head thick and untidy-like and all over little points. These horns would look fine at the top of the statue you would house to Quebec, so come and try them. I'll be down to Mr. Harding's Friday morning so as I can meet you if you can come. There's one more income you would round here, two cows, and a mean little fellow of a bull.

NOVEMBER.

This was the letter which caused me to seek Mrs. Harding's but owing to a slight accident to the leg I was driven up in. I rushed off to find that November had gone up to a neighboring town on some business, leaving word that should I arrive I was to start for his shack and that he would catch me up on the way. November struck my trail and it was long after dark when we reached November's shack that evening. As he opened the door he displayed something white which lay just inside it.

"It's a letter," he said in surprise as he handed it to me. "What does it say, Mr. Quarry?"

I read it aloud. It ran:

I am in trouble Joe. Somebody is robbing my traps. When you get home, which I pray will be soon, come right over.

"The skunk!" cried November.

"I had never seen him so moved. He had been away hunting for three days and returned to find this message."

"The damned skunk," he repeated, "to rob her traps!"

"It's a woman?"

"S. Bone stands for Sally Bone. You've sure heard of her?"

"No, who is she?"

"I'll tell you," said Joe. "Sally's a mighty brave girl—that is, she's a widow. She was married on home four years ago last Christmas, and the autumn after he got his back broke to the Red Star lumber camp, leaving Sally just enough dollars to carry her over the birth of her son. To make a long story short, there was lots of boys ready to fill dead man Bone's place when they knew her money was giving out, and the neighbors were wonderful interested to know which Sally would take. But it soon came out that Sally wasn't taking any of them, but had decided to try what she could do with the trapping herself."

"Just that. Bone worked a line of traps, and Sally was dyed to make her living and the boys that way. Said a woman was liable to be as successful a trapper as a man. She's at it near three years now, and she's made good. Lives with her boy about four hours away from here, with no neighbors, other house within five miles of her."

She's got a young sister, Ruby, with her on account of the kid, as she has to be out such a lot."

Not much later I was following November's nimble moving figure upon a hard woods march as I ever care to try. I was not sorry when a thought of my moccasins gave way and Joe allowed me a minute to tie it up and to get my wad.

There's Tom Carroll, Phil Gort and India Sylvester, began November abruptly—"How three. They're Sally's nearest neighbors, them and Val Black. Val's a good man, but—"

"But what?" said I absently.

"Him and Tom Carroll's cut the top notches for Sally's favor so far."

"But what's that got to do with—"

"Come on," snapped November and hurried forward to Sally's lonely cabin.

Joe knocked at the door, calling it the same time: "It's me. Are you there, Sally?"

The door opened an inch or two. "Is it you, Joe?"

November thrust his right hand with its deep scar across the back through the aperture. "You should know that cut, Sal; you tended it."

"Come in! Come in!"

I followed Joe into the house and turned to look at Sally. I saw a slim girl with gentle red brown eyes that

matched the red brown of her rebellious hair, a small face, pale under its weather tan, but showing a line of milk white skin above her brows. She was, in fact, extremely pretty, with a kind of good looks I had not expected, and ten seconds later I, too, had fallen under the spell of that charm, which was all the more powerful because Sally herself was unconscious of it.

"You've been long in coming, Joe," she said, with a sudden smile. "You were away, of course?"

"Aye, just got back 'fore we started for here." He looked around. "Where's young Dan?"

"He just got him off to sleep on the bed there." She pointed to a deer skin curtain in the corner.

"What! He's been frightening him?"

Mrs. Bone looked oddly at November.

"No, but if he heard us talking he might get scared, for the man who's been robbing me was in this room not six hours ago, and Danny saw him."

November raised his eyebrows. "Eh! That's queer!" he said. "Danny's rising three, ain't he? He could tell."

"Nothing at all. It was after dark, and the man had his face muffled. Danny said he was a real good man. He gave him sugar from the cup board," said Sally.

"He gave the sugar?"

"I thought of that, but Danny says he had muffs on. It's more'n three weeks now since I found out the traps were being muddled with. It was done very cunning, but I have my own way of baiting them, and the thief, though he's a clever woodman and knows a heap, never dropped to that. Some times he'd set 'em and bait 'em like as if they were never touched at all, and other times he'd just make it appear as if the animal had got itself out."

"He must have left tracks," said Joe.

"Some, yes. But he mostly worked when snow was falling. He's cunning."

"Did any one ever see his tracks but you?"

"Sylvester did."

"How was that?" said Joe, with sudden interest.

"I came on Sylvester one evening when I was trailing the robber."

"Perhaps Sylvester himself was the robber?"

Mrs. Bone shook her head.

"It wasn't him, Joe. He couldn't 'a' known I was coming on him, and his tracks was quite different."

"Well, but tonight? You say the thief come here tonight? What did he do that for?" said Joe, pushing the tobacco firmly into his pipe now.

"He had a good reason," replied Sally, with bitterness. "Last Thursday when I was on my way back from putting my letter under your door I heard something rustling through the scrub ahead of me. It might have been a lynx, or it might have been a dog, but when I came to the trap I saw the thief had made off that minute, for he'd been trying to force open the trap, and when he heard me he wrenched hard, you bet, but he was bound to take care—not to be too rough."

"Good for you, my dear!"

"Good!" Sally's face flushed a soft crimson. "Good? Why, I've never sent one to catch it. It's a black fox, I'm dead there, but still warm, for it had just been killed. The poit was late in its prime, long and silky and glossy. You can guess, November, what that meant for Danny and me next winter, that I've been worrying about a lot. The whooping cough's weakened him down and I thought of the things I could get for him while I was skinning out the poit. Sally's voice shook, and her eyes filled with tears. "Oh, Joe, it's hard—hard! The skin was worth \$800 anywhere and I come home just singing. I fixed it at once, and then, being scared-like, I hid it in the cupboard over there behind those old magazines. No one but Ruby knew that I had got it. I left Ruby here, but Mrs. Bone had her seventh birthday morning, and the man came to help for awhile after she put Danny to bed. The thief must have been on the watch and seen her go."

"Where's Ruby now?" Joe inquired.

"She's stopping the night. They sent over to tell me," replied Sally. "Well, to go on, I had a lynx in one of my traps which got dragged right down by Deerhorn pond, so I was more than special late. Danny began at once to tell me about the man that came in I rushed across and looked in the cupboard. The black fox poit was gone, of course!"

"What did Danny say about the man?"

"Said he had on a big hat and a neckerchief. He didn't speak a word, gave Danny sugar, as I have said. He must 'a' been here some time, for he's

ransacked the place high and low and took nearly every peck I got this season."

Joe looked up. "Those pecks mark ed?"

"Yes. My marks on some—seven pecks of a needle."

"You've looked around the house to see if he left anything?"

"Sure!" Sally put her hand in her pocket.

"What?"

"Only this." She opened her hand and disclosed a little cartridge.

Joe examined it. "Soft-nosed bullet for one of them funny English guns. Where did you find it?"

"On the door by the table."

"Huh!" said Joe, and, picking up the lamp, he began carefully and methodically to examine every inch of the room.

"Any one but me been using tobacco in here lately?" he asked.

"Not that I know of," replied Sally.

"A cool hand," said November. "When he'd got the skin he stopped to fill his pipe. It was then he dropped the cartridge—it came out of his pocket with the pipe, I expect. All that I can tell you about him is that he smokes Gold Nugget—he pointed to the shreds—and carried a small bone made of English rifle. Hello! Where's the old bitch?"

"Old Riprah? I dunno, less she's gone along to Sents' place. Ruby'd take her if she could, she's that scort of the woods, but Riprah's never left Danny before."

Joe drained his cup. "We're not found much inside the house," said he. "As soon as the sun's up we'll try our luck outside. Till then I guess we'd best put in a doze."

Mrs. Bone made up a shakedown of skins near the stove and disappeared behind the deer skin curtain.

When I awoke next morning it was to see, with some astonishment, that our little drama of the woods. A dark bearded man in the uniform of a game warden was sitting on the other side of the stove.

"This is Game Warden Evans, Mr. Quarry," he said. "He was at Sents' last night. There he heard about me losing fur from the traps and come right over to see if he couldn't help me."

Having exchanged the usual salutations, Evans remarked good humorously:

"November's out trailing the robber. Him and me's been talking about the black fox poit. Joe's wasting his time all right. I can tell him who the thief is."

"You know?" I exclaimed.

Evans nodded. "I can find out any time."

"How?"

"Come to see." He rose and went to the door. "Guess Joe mislaid it," he said, pointing with his finger.

I turned in the direction indicated and saw that upon one of the nails which had been driven into the door of the cabin some bright colored threads were hanging. Going nearer I found them to be strands of pink and gray worsted, twisted together.

"What'd you think of that?" asked Evans, with a heavy wink.

Before I could answer Joe came into sight round a clump of bush on the side of the clearing.

"Well," called the game warden, "any luck?"

"Not just exactly," he said.

"What do you make of that?" asked Evans.

Evans nodded and swung off through the door.

November looked at Sally. "Who is Joe, Sally?"

Mrs. Bone's pretty forehead puckered into a frown. "Who?"

"Pink and grey necker," said Joe gently.

A rush of tears filled her red brown eyes.

"Val Black has one like that. I made it for him myself long ago."

"And he has a rifle of some English make," added November.

Mrs. Bone started. "So he has, but I never remembered that till this minute!" She looked back into Joe's grey eyes with indignation. "And he smokes 'Nugget' all right, too. I know it. All the same, it isn't Val!"

"It's queer then bits of worsted on

"It's my business to find the man with the pink necker."

Evans again, pointing at the guttering worsted, with a glance of suppressed triumph at Joe.

"Huh!" said November. "What do you?"

"Pretty clear evidence that, ain't it? The robber caught his necker on those nails as he slipped out. We're getting closer. English rifle, 'Gold Nugget' in his pipe, and a pink and grey necker. Find a chap that owns all three it can't be difficult. Warden's have eyes in their heads as well as you, November."

"Sure!" agreed Joe politely, but with an abstracted look, as he examined the door. "You say you found it here?"

"Yes."

"Huh!" said Joe again.

"Anything else on the trail?" asked Evans.

November looked at him. "He shot Riprah."

"The old dog? I suppose she attack-

FATAL BOMB EXPLOSION IN MONTREAL DUE TO RACE FEELING OVER THE WAR.



FATAL BOMB EXPLOSION IN MONTREAL DUE TO WAR.

ed him and he shot her."

"Yes, he shot her—first."

"First? What then?"

"He cut her high in pieces with his knife."

Without more words Joe turned back into the woods, and we went after him. Hidden in a low, marshy spot about half a mile from the house, we came upon the body of the dog. It was evident she had been shot—more than that, the carcass was backed about in a horrible manner.

"What do you say now, Mr. Evans?" inquired Joe.

"What do I say? I say this: When we find the thief we'll likely find the marks of Riprah's teeth on him. That's what made him mad with rage, and—"

Evans waved his hand.

"We returned to breakfast at Mrs. Bone's cabin. While we were eating Evans casually brought out a scrap of the worsted he had detached

VANDERBILT

VANDERBILT, Oct. 25.—Mr. and Mrs. Russell Carr of Uniontown, spent Sunday with Mrs. Carr's parents, Mr. and Mrs. D. G. Clevelee.

Miss Velela, of Salem, O., is visiting Miss Harrison today.

Mr. and Mrs. Pierce, of West Side, Conneltsville, visited Mrs. Lute's mother, Mrs. Samuel Strickler, yesterday.

Harry Harper of Star Junction visited with friends here yesterday.

Harry Weber of Greensburg, visited William Healy yesterday.

Miss Elma Harper of East Liberty, visited Miss Lillian Reed Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Moore of Florence, Ala., are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Moore.

Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Freed of Highland Farm, spent Sunday at the home of their son, Walter Freed.

Miss Amanda Strickler visited Miss Eva Wright of Dawson yesterday.

Miss Kathryn Alvest of Dunbar township, and Miss Blanche Hall of Leisenring No. 1, visited the former's sister, Mrs. George Kuhn yesterday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Randolph and daughter Ruth, of Southside, are visiting Mrs. Randolph's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Shadenberger.

Mr. and Mrs. Jasper Allen and daughter, Gertrude, visited Mrs. C. W. Allen's mother, Mrs. Anna Cooper, last Friday.

Earle Roberts, of Point Marion, spent the week end with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. G. B. Roberts.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Gween and daughter, Gertrude, visited Mrs. C. W. Allen's mother, Mrs. Anna Cooper, last Friday.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stepan and daughter, Elizabeth of Frostburg, Md., visited at the home of Walter Freed on Saturday.

During the last few months the Methodist Episcopal Sunday school has had a contest on. It was called, "The Trip to Jerusalem." Class No. 7, taught by Miss Estella Dunn, was the first to arrive having made the required number of points. The boys of this class have organized and will meet at the home of Edward Popovich on November 5.

Mrs. Wilbert Miley is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Leichter of Conneltsville.

COUNTRY'S COAL EXPERTS ARE DUE IN DECEMBER

Miners' Institute to Hear Subjects Discussed at the Winter Meeting

Members of the Coal Mining Institute of America will hold their winter meeting in Pittsburgh December 8 and 9, and during the two days many prominent men of this country identified with the coal industry will attend. All the sessions will be held in the Fort Pitt Hotel.

At 10:30 o'clock of the first day a business session will be held, followed by an election of officers. At 11 o'clock R. E. Johnston, of Pittsburgh, president of the organization, will deliver an address to the visiting coal men. At 2:30 o'clock a "question box" session will be conducted by W. E. Fohl of Pittsburgh, who is a member of the executive board of the institute. Then the leadership of R. A. Taylor and William Seddon the following subjects will be discussed: "The Longwall System Applicable to the Pittsburgh Seam of Coal"; "What is a Safe Volume for use in Coal Mines?" John L. Pratt, and W. A. Thomson will be the leaders in discussing that subject, while R. N. Zern and John Simpson will be the leaders of the question, "On Compensation Laws Increase or Decrease Accidents in Coal Mines?" Gus H. Delle and J. T. Ryan will be the leaders in discussing "What are the Advantages in the use of Portable Electric Lamps?" The entire afternoon will be devoted to "question box" subjects and additional subjects to those already selected may be made by all attending members.

At 8:30 o'clock a dinner will be held, at which there will be after-dinner addresses by Prof. H. H. Stock of Urbana, Ill., and T. L. Lewis of Columbus, O. Both speakers will have for their subject, "Government Control with Relation to the Coal Mining Industry."

The second day's session will begin at 10:30 o'clock, when Dr. E. W. Parker of Washington will talk on "Foreign Coal Trade of the United States." At 11:15 o'clock R. D. Hall of New York will discuss the "Coal Standard of the Mine Road." Dr. W. H. Crane of State College, Pa., will speak on "Personal Observations in Alaska." L. M. Jones, mining engineer of the Pittsburgh Bureau of Mines, will talk on "Coal Road Experiments at Experimental Mines, Bruceton, Pa."

The vice presidents of the organization are: William Seddon, Bruceton; A. P. Cameron, Irwin; and J. G. Roby, Uniontown. Charles L. Ray of Wilkes-Barre, Pa., is secretary and treasurer.

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SOMERSET WEDDINGS

Matings of Cupid Among the Frosty Sons of Thunder.

SOMERSET, Oct. 27.—Miss Gertrude Hutchinson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Hutchinson, and Benjamin H. Shober, son of Mr. and Mrs. David S. Shober, both of Bedford township, were married at the court house by Clerk of Orphans' Court B. E. Landis.

Miss Anna Hostetler, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Joseph W. Hostetler of Bedford township, and Allen L. Felton, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Felton of Somerset, were married at the court house by the Rev. D. H. Walker.

Miss L. Millicent Pele, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Kanter of Somerset, and John W. Walker, son of Mr. and Mrs. Adam Walker of Pittsburgh, were married at the parsonage of the Trinity Lutheran Church, Somerset, by the Rev. I. Hess Wagner.

Miss Sadie Grace Wilcox, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Walker and Allen Alexander Blucher, son of Mr. and Mrs. William H. Blucher, both of Somerset township, were married at the home of the bride's parents by the Rev. I. H. Walker.

Mrs. Cynthia L. Dicks, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Carver of Somerset, and Harvey S. Lambert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Mahlon Lambert of Somerset, were married at the court house by Clerk of Courts B. E. Landis.

Mrs. Laura V. Yenick, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William J. Kimmell of Fort Hill, and Emma Kate Butler, son of Mr. and Mrs. McChesney Butler of Somerset, Md., were married at the court house by Clerk of Courts B. E. Landis.

Miss Elsie H. Brant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walter P. Brant of Shunkville, and Paul H. Knappert, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry W. Knappert of Berlin, were married at the parsonage of the Shunkville Lutheran Church by the Rev. M. L. Schumacher.

Miss Dorothy M. Nedrow, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Philip F. Nedrow of "Cassara," and Otto L. Meyer, son of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Meyer of Marlinton, were married at Casselman by the Rev. E. F. House.

OPEN BANKS NOV. 16

Secretary McAdoo Issues Wishes of Reserve Bank Governors.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—The 12 federal reserve banks of the new banking system will be opened for business on November 16.

Secretary McAdoo, authorized by the currency act to name the opening date, made the announcement. His choice of the 16th was made despite the fact that the directors and governors of the 12 banks in a recent conference here voted 37 to 35 against opening on that date and expressed their preference for November 20.

In making the announcement, Mr. McAdoo declared he had reached his decision after discussion with the Federal Reserve Board and because of emergency conditions in the South. In the belief that the opening of the banks will be helpful there and will benefit business in all sections of the country.

Patronize those who advertise.



NOVEL PROCK FOR THE LITTLE GIRL

This little suspender frock was prettily fashioned of wool material in green and tan stripes with an occasional black line to accentuate the pattern. The little plaited skirt is suspended from a broad belt of the material perfectly plain and unfitted. This is held in place by suspenders of the material over a blouse of cream colored silk. This is closed at the front with tiny pearl buttons. The round turned-down collar and turn-back cuffs of the silk are finished with narrow plaitings of the same. A little white silk cord and tassel ties at the throat.

Corn Comes Off as Easy as You Please

"GETS-IT" Being Used by Millions!

It is the first time that a real corn-cure has ever been discovered. "GETS-IT" is the new corn-cure, based on an entirely new principle. It is a new, different formula, never successfully imitated. It makes corns vanish and then vanish. Two drops in the work you don't handle up your toe any more with sticky tape and plaster that press down on the poor corn—no more flesh-eating salves that don't "stay put," no more lancing of corns with knives or razors, no more bleeding or danger of blood poison. No more limping around for days with sore corns, no more corn pains. For "GETS-IT" is now the biggest-selling corn cure in the world. Use it on any hard or soft corn, wart, callus or bunion. Turn it the right way. "GETS-IT" is sold by druggists everywhere. 25 cents a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

"GETS-IT" is sold in Conneltsville by A. A. Clarke, Graham & Co., J. C. Moore, Fred H. Harmoning.

Find the Lady Who Uses the World's Greatest Corn-Cure, "GETS-IT."

It is a new, different formula, never successfully imitated. It makes corns vanish and then vanish. Two drops in the work you don't handle up your toe any more with sticky tape and plaster that press down on the poor corn—no more flesh-eating salves that don't "stay put," no more lancing of corns with knives or razors, no more bleeding or danger of blood poison. No more limping around for days with sore corns, no more corn pains. For "GETS-IT" is now the biggest-selling corn cure in the world. Use it on any hard or soft corn, wart, callus or bunion. Turn it the right way. "GETS-IT" is sold by druggists everywhere. 25 cents a bottle, or sent direct by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago.

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Want Ads. 1c a Word.

"THE OLD RELIABLE" PLANTER'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES REMEDY FOR MEN. AT YOUR DRUGGIST.



We Make a Specialty of

Jobbing and Repair Work

Next to saving you money, the next important point about your PLUMBING, HEATING AND TINKERING

is the promptness. We answer all calls promptly. We don't waste time for which you pay. Plumbers make you pay—and we can safely say that we know the business from start to finish.

We also carry a complete line of Gas Lights, Stoves and Ranges. Call

F. T. Evans

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THE HOUSE OF LILIES. TOMORROW, WEDNESDAY, AFTERNOON AND NIGHT

The Famous Actor WILLIAM COURTLEIGH

In the Four-Act Drama "THE BETTER MAN"

The Two-Act Feature "THE PHANTOM LIGHT"

The Joker Comedy "CRUEL, CRUEL WORLD."

"THE ANIMATED WEEKLY."

A Splendid Bill. 5 and 10 Cents.

OLD FARM WHISKEY

"It Hits the Spot"

goes down without a cough or splutter—needs no chaser.

OLD FARM is made in an up-to-date distillery by a special process which retains the life of the rye and the sparkle and purity of the mountain springs.

The delicious, mellow flavor, the fragrant, aromatic bouquet and the delightful "snap" are all increased by the careful aging in charred oak barrels. Bottled in bond.

Ask for OLD FARM by name and drink real whiskey.

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West Overton Distilling Company SCOTSDALE, PA.

If you have a Victor be sure to get a copy of the new Victor monthly bulletin which tells about the newest music. Stop in and get a copy, or drop us a postal and we'll gladly send it.

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MOVING AND GENERAL HAULING Special attention to moving pianos. See J. N. TRUMP, Office 103 E. Grape Alley, Opposite P. R. R. depot. Both Phones

SOISSON THEATRE

Tuesday, Oct. 27

The Real Nifty Burlesque

The Charming Widows

Direct from the Victoria Theater, Pittsburg.

With EDDIE DALE and LILLIAN ENGLISH

The Fashion Plates of Burlesque.

30 Clue, Charming Ladies

The Dance of the First Sin

The Oriental Sensation and Princess Ka, the Mystery of the Nile.

Prices: 25c, 50c and 75c Seats now on sale.

WRIGHT-METZLER COMPANY, CONNELLSVILLE

Store Opens at 8 O'clock. Closes Daily at 5:30 and 9 P. M. Saturdays.

Now for Blankets! Fine Table Damask

—biggest variety at \$5. extra values at, a yd.— \$1.

For purest wool and of big size. Plain white and gray with fancy borders in color; plaid designs, in harmonious colorings.

Blankets of mixed cotton and wool (60% wool) are \$4.00 each.

A heavy blanket of durable wool comes from a Society of Friends in Iowa. The price is \$7.50.

Others, big, thick and all-wool, are \$8.00 to \$12.50—the finest to be found at those prices.

Cotton blankets are \$1.00 and \$1.50 for plain colors; \$2.00 for plain colors and plaids.

Blankets! Great, warm, beautiful piles of them ready, and all at prices lower than you are likely to see blankets so good for in any other place.

Second Floor, Bedding Section.

Roman-Stripe Silk

—new, and some for— 1.50

For girdles, trimmings generally and tunics, there is nothing prettier or more fashionable. The richest stripes—often used for coats—are in bengaline; the lighter weights preferred for dresses are in tunic.

Colors are the dark greens and blues, reds, orange, purple and so on. One odd combination is red, purple and gold.

The better quality is \$2.00 a yard.

Silk Division, Dry Goods Store.

Christmas Art Needlework

A little time given now to the needlework for Christmas stockings, means ease later, in arranging the gift list.

Now, the needlework stocks are best assorted. Nearer Christmas, the prettier things will be gone—and possibly not replaced.

Another feature to be considered: Our needlework salesgirls are competent and willing to give instruction upon request. There's no charge for their service—now or later—but later it may not be so convenient for you. Some of the new things to see:

Turkish Towels, plain or with colored borders. Different sizes, all matching and with a flat place at one end for letter or needlework design. Also stamped Turkish towels, bath mats and wash cloths.

Note: The towels sell out quickly. Recently, a salesgirl sold, to one woman, 34 towels, all of one kind; and another girl sold 25 towels—like the 34—to a different patron.

Stamped Huck Towels—Guest size and regular—edged for crocheting, scalloping or hem-stitching. Many new and novel designs, 25c, 29c, 45c, 50c to 75c each.

Stamped Decorative Pieces for the table, dining room, boudoir or guest room. White dillies, scarfs, squares and other pieces to be embroidered in white or colors. Many of the pieces are matched, and in varied sizes.

Stamped Cushions, squares, oblong and oval. Natural crash, brown linen, colored repp and other textures, in verse, floral and odd printings—to be outlined. Finished pieces on display.

Lingerie. A night gown of excellent nainsook, stamped in one of many designs, 59c.

The new Royal Society packages contain many ideas distinctive of this line.

Tupia Yarns, and four and eight-fold German-town, Shetland, Spanish, Ice Wool, Angora Knitting Yarns.

Second floor. Art Needlework Section.

WRIGHT-METZLER CO.

PATRONIZE THOSE WHO ADVERTISE IN THE DAILY COURIER.

This Is Your Coupon.

COUPON NO. 75 COMPLETE \$2.50 VACUUM BOTTLE

Presented by The Daily Courier. Every day is a Vacuum Bottle Day.

For Old and Young—Rich and Poor.

Present the above Coupon at this office, with five others of consecutive numbers, and the cost amount of expense items named below and get this Simplex Vacuum Bottle.

\$2.50—VACUUM BOTTLE—\$2.50

Ready to use, all complete, including a handsome Nickel Cup attachment. Every bottle guaranteed to keep liquids hot 24 hours, and cold 48 hours. Strongest, most durable, most sanitary, most simple, highest Vacuum and most economical Bottle made. Every Bottle Guaranteed.

RUBBER-TONED 98c ALL NICKEL \$1.13

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